

I, ENGINE

Collected & New Works

IMOGENE ENGINE

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mOnocle-Lash Anti-Press
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Introduction

By Olchar E. Lindsann

Imogene Engine's is an ouroboric Work.

She is an alchemical Engine, through which the world passes, is rendered into language, and is returned to itself, other than itself. Language also fuels this Engine, propelling the mysterious mechanism that transmutes it, unseen, traced in text but always itself retiring, absenting itself from the delicate results of its process.

Her poems gather themselves up from countless reams of notes, neatly filing down page after page, ream after ream. She delves, scans, hears, records, re-finds, defines, re-deforms. Lists, memories, quotations, poems, verbal games and explorations, citations, theoretical ephemera, doodles, snatched handfuls of conversation, bibliographic data, isolated verses that later find their way to poems, are lain and tangled together as they pass into her life and onto the page. Imogene Engine devours text, she reads with her lungs, swims through books in hundreds. She listens, speaks, thinks, dreams, remembers, attempts to forget, and this is all no different than reading, living, writing. As Mallarmé says, everything in the world exists in order to end up in a book—and her notebooks, like fossiliferous limestone, preserve the fragmented swarm of this ephemeral life. From these fragments and traces of language her poems rise up, live, grow,

change along with her, are re-written, dis-membered, remembered, intertwine, partake of each other, merge and diverge. Life is a processes of successive drafts, infinitesimal, and these poems are eternally incomplete as life is incomplete. They will change from year to year, each time that you meet them. They live, and like all life they are never complete, nor ever themselves, precisely.

These poems each sing most intensely when they are read, and lived with, all together, grown with, watched over time. One finds reflections of each in the others: recurrences, phrases and lines that shift from one poem to the next, from one month to the next. When one has become intimate with her work, each poem is experienced as an instance, snared from an organic process that has already evolved past the moment of our reading. They are constellations, not objects. As in the poems of Loy or Trakl, what seems, at first, a single image reveals itself as a mytheme, or a verbal ghost.

For here, images haunt the text. We feel the cold calipers of language, the scandal of naming, listing, sorting, the indifferent violence of taxonomy; but from it issue forth, or are interpolated, images wherein memory and myth and dream burn through like light, oscillant. As such, it is haunted too by the most ludic and lyric of the Imagists—less the encyclopedic catalogs and bricolage of Eliot and Pound, sorting in order to possess, than the more mysterious attentiveness exerted by the movement's feminine face, gathering

in order to evoke speech—Mina Loy, H.D, Loringhoven—the poets gathered up in *The Little Review*.

These images recur from text to text, recombinant, and their shifting recurrence is yet another level of collage that permeates the work of this Engine, Imogene: for she collages thought—or rather, perceives that *thought* and *perception* play within the logic of collage, that it is within the dynamics: *separate—together, distinction—relation* :that the subject brings her *self* to life, and returns to look *at* what Other is not here.

These poems are consciousness, nascent within perception:

consciousness issues from memory in joy or terror, articulates itself through with the shambles of knowledge;

consciousness from memory regenerates, armed with mythology, armed with knowledge, or being lost in it;

consciousness formed or clothed in myth—of the Polis, of the Life, of the unspoken, the unspeakable;

consciousness as speech and loss, the evasion of spoken things, arisen from discourse and returned to naming—never of knowing, but corollary, anchored to everything that *can be known* of death;

consciousness—poetry—wherein discourses blister, then dissolve: They bloom first into clusters of emphatic argot, all swirling against each other—languages technical, professional, mythic, diaristic, academic, personal, novelistic, technocratic, forlorn—lists, contrasts, taxonomies, facts,

notes, parallels and lexicographies. Then distended, overstrained, they melt and slip into a liquid flux. Putrefactio, the alchemists call it.

Such is the work of transmutation undertaken by this Engine, which slips away each moment just as you think you know it; for Imogene Engine is never precisely in here poems, nor ever outside them really, nor does she equal them; but she is *named*, and the poems are unspooled, re-woven, stirred by unnamable winds.

Imogene Engine is the ghost in her own machine.

Foreword

Some of the poems from earlier years are slightly edited regarding line spacing, and others have sections taken out. In truth, it was difficult to resist revision as it has always been part of my process to revise and recreate and revisit and reclaim and renew writing. The included collages were visual reflections or foundations for writing; they are never separate or independent in creation. I do not create visual artwork in and of itself, it is always an extension or reflection of what I am trying to communicate in writing, and it sets the stage.

I do not like reading aloud from these poems in a traditional way. I would prefer the poems to be read alone and quietly and/or out loud to oneself, or in a performative or collective gesture such as a tent indoors, sitting semi-circle in the dark with flashlights or candles and taking turns reading. The poems were not written traditionally, and I experimented with meditation, lucid dreaming, and self-induced trance states to explore the writing and would want them to be enjoyed in a non-traditional and/or performative way if to be read in a group.

The final poem in this collection, “I, Engine,” is a life work to still be written and rewritten; what is here is the unfinished beginning.

Thank you: Olchar Lindsann has always been a good friend and supporter of my work and writing. I thank him for his friendship and the opportunity to share. He inspires me with his curiosity, intellect and creativity; thank you.

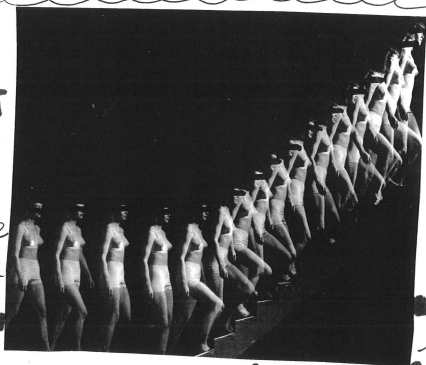
Writing Inspirations and Unmet Soul Spirits:

Mina Loy (always and always), Anne Sexton, Gertrude Stein, Tristan Tzara, André Breton, Fernando Pessoa, Guillaume Apollinaire, H.D., Emily Dickinson

**THE STRAWBERRY MAW:
COLLECTED POEMS, 2003-2005**

I. I AM DOING the DEATH WALK
 WRAPPED IN CLEAN CLOTH. going
 DOWN THE STAIRCASE into the
 HISTORIC TOMB OF SKULLS. When i
 COME OUT OF THE TOMB, i go

III. A
 is near
 their
 banded
 to keep



graveyard
 the hause,
 skeletons
 up i band
 them from
 reaching the living

II. to my hause on its cliff above the
 sea, relasing in the highest window
 watching the mermaids somersault
 below, drinking sweet iced tea.

Forgiveness and Ritual

I am doing the death-walk, wrapped in clean cloth
going down the staircase, into the historic tomb of
skulls.

When I come out of the tomb
I go to my house, on its cliff above the sea,
relaxing in the highest window, watching the mer-
maids somersault below,
and I am drinking sweet iced tea.

A graveyard is near the house
their skeletons doubled up and bound,
to prevent them from reaching the living.

Solitary Ember

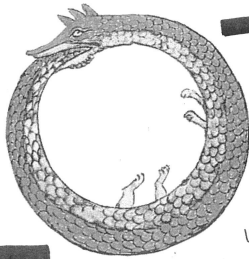
My brain in dreams
becomes a ouroboros:
naming ghosts.

Awake, unwed with children unborn:
I am done with dividing practices
though it had been difficult
to resist it's eclipse.

Clocks are disassembled,
books of poetry swallowed whole.

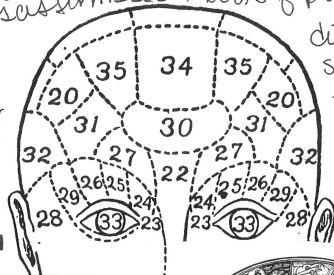
Daily, I disappear into the city:
each step a solitary ember
hands chapped
as water trails into a gutter;
the doctors and the healing actors
having failed their almost murder.
Only language is patient:
free from god
free from family
survivor no more, I remove and replace my eyes at
will.

SOLITARY EMBER.

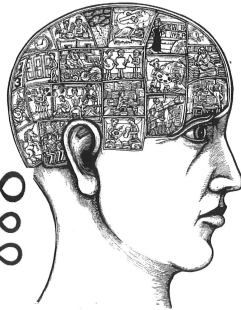
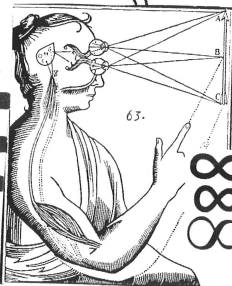


My brain in dreams becomes an
wubaoes: naming ghosts. Awake,
unwed, with children unborn: I am done with dividing
practices though it has been difficult to resist the eclipse.
Clocks are disassembled, books of poetry swallowed whole.

Daily, I
each step a
chopped as water
the doctors &
pulled their



disappear into the city:
solitary ember, hands
trails in to a gutter;
the healing actors
almost murder.



My language is patient:
free from god, free from family, survivor no more,
I remove and replace my eyes at will.

SHE WAS BORN A DEAD STAR
HELD INWARD AND OUTWARD
BEFORE COLLAPSE.

WHEN SHE WOKE

SHE WAS NEWLY BORN,
A LYRE TO BE PLUCKED

By A
NEW
GOD



AFTER
HER STRINGS
GAVE WAY, SHE DIED A
SECOND TIME
BEFORE BECOMING
HUMAN.

ἐπί με Τερψιχόρα [
καλὰ Φεροῖ' αἰσομέναν
Ταναγρίδεσσι λεῖλυκοπέπλυν
μέγα δ' ἐμῆς γένεσθε πόλις
λιγυροκω[τ]ίλινος ἐνοπιῆς.

Conception

She was born a dead star
held inward and outward
before collapse.

When she woke
she was newly born,
as a lyre to be plucked
by a new God.

After her strings gave way
she died a second time,
before becoming human.

Monologue in Windows

*

You are still inside my eyes,
heavy as an awful crown.
The dull pang of you
filling my head
like an unused drum.

*

Keep me in a jar.
Keep me in gasoline.
Keep me new.

*

How peaceful
it must be to forgive,
to grow from darkness.

fait accompli.
amor fati.

*

I bowed before your experience-
in awe of your silhouette
as you lit a cigarette
from the safety of your gondola.

*

I am a statue now:
with tilted head and hand on hip
my image reflected
in a lake of saffron leaves.
If I could tuck one leg underneath;
I would disappear.

You are still inside my eyes, heavy as an awful crain .
 The dull pang of you filling my head like an unused drum .
 (Keep me in a jar . Keep me in gasoline . Keep me new .) eeee



How peaceful it must be to
 forgive, to grow from
 darkness

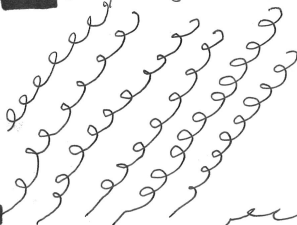
(fait accompli)
 (amor fati) eeee

I bowed before your
 experience

in awe of your ~~silhouette~~

silhouette
 as you lit a cigarette

from the safety
 of your gondola

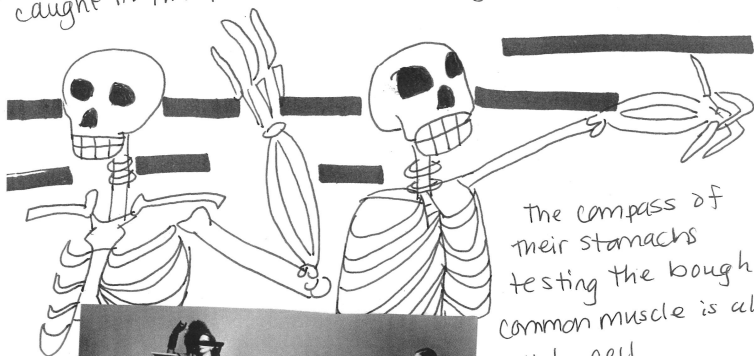


I am a statue now
 with tilted head
 and hand on hip
 my image
 reflected in
 saffron leaves . If
 I could tuck one leg
 I would disappear .
 eeeeeeeeeee



see
 see
 eeee
 eeee
 eeee
 eeee
 under
 neath

Her beauty is useless, sinking in molasses like a gypsy moth.
She has lived only through the pleasure of her lovers
caught in the plot of the strawberry maw.



The compass of
their stomachs
testing the bough,
common muscle is all.
cell by cell
so much to prove
the ritual scripted,
roots dipping.



Alone in bed she lies
but she was born in
this bed, and it has
led her back here,

for it is constant
this beginning
this looking
over the shoulder,

THE STRAWBERRY MAW.

The Strawberry Maw

Her beauty is useless,
sinking in molasses
like a gypsy moth
caught on the body of an apple tree.

She has lived only in the pleasure of her lovers,
caught in the plot of the strawberry maw:

the compass of their stomachs
testing the bough
common muscle is all,
cell by cell,
so much to prove
the ritual scripted,
roots dipping.

Alone in bed she lies,
but she was born in this bed
and it has led her back here,
for it is constant this beginning
this looking over the shoulder.

Elegy

Your legs are sleek fish swimming against me,
opening up the cave where the love-struck fall.

the cave seals itself, and as it closes
the last cursive shadow of the sun is nearly
eclipsed by the shape of the rock,
with no sure way of ever being able to leave the
cave again.

stir
 private
 noose
 disarmed
 calculated
 staccato
 unconscious
 interlarded
 persist
 Accident
 Ambitious
 Negated
 Unresolved
 Absolutes
 Turpentine
 Lisp
 motive
 mnemonic
 viscera
 Kinetics
 ingots
 Apologia
 removed
 associations
 Beneaded
 Igish
 Substrating
 climate
 receding
 peerless
 fossilized
 particles
 illusion
 gradation

silent actresses
 negotiate
 capital
 terrace
 phonemes



Fig. 1



Fig. 2



Coincidence

she learned to speak in code
informed by generations of silence
 like voices held behind storm windows
her mouth crouched
 a spool of thread
a whisper going under the cracks of doors:
 The house is on fire.

Smoke combs the ceiling
 soft tar
touches her elbows and stomach
 eyes water blind from the floor
and they find her
 their feet resounding on the stairs as horses
echo
 her words:
 will they know me.
 will they be of my kind.

The time at night
a stone she holds
while watching the thaw of the city snow.

Instrument

Sleep is in her blood
sinking her body down into the ocean
passing sharks, plankton, and manatees,
until she reaches the deep of nameless species.
only night.

Sleep is the instrument into the slow, thick waters
to the place she lived before she was born
in the waiting room of conception,
surrounded by the other nuns and unwanted angels.

Winter Portrait

It is so dark that the water no longer exists,
and I am guiding myself through the hull of your
forest:

past the river filled with furniture
the scream of the fire siren
and the feral bark of the coyote,
swelling the pulp of the trees.

My eyes become flat from ideas of beauty,
dawn having closed its mouth of light
as the pine trees split under the groan of ice.
Inside of you:
it will be a late winter this year.

Past Things

brittle trees

roads of rock covered in frost
the eyes of untamed children.

This is the city.

This is not the city.

INTO, INTO:
2006-2008

Break the quiet

with the axe hidden behind the harp.

Press your rosary

into my hot skin;

I want to be healed

with braids of garlic

a natural fetish

infant spit: anything.

as sphinx.

I need what is available and yielding;

advancing and retreating simultaneously

in the act of confession

the risk of disclosure

we consume each other's stories.

The function of my hunger is made plain:

 a movable bridge

 a stratum of moor and moss

 the under plot of velvet

 the gloss of enamel

 dyed silk

 the resin of smelted copper;

 the fig of a mutual day dream.

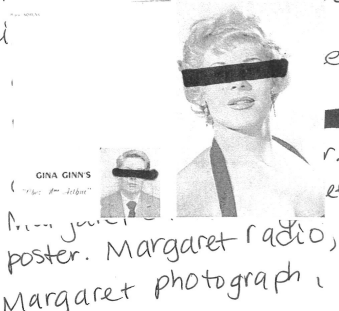
Pretty Actress

Margaret is
shhh, shhh, is
formaldehyde, paraffin and perfume
is a lips purse
is silent actress, pale accomplice.

Margaret dust, Margaret powder
Margaret shoe.
Margaret poster, Margaret radio, Margaret photograph,
Margaret sweet candy, Margaret jazz, Margaret
lipstick, Margaret soap, and Margaret glue.
Margaret voice, Margaret skin, Margaret breasts
Margaret sin, Margaret light, Margaret dark,
Margaret drink, Margaret dance, Margaret newspaper
Margaret pills, Margaret smile, Margaret die.

Kate now.
Kate cell phone, Kate T.V., Kate internet, Kate blue jeans
Kate cigarettes, Kate haircuts, Kate gin, Kate soda,
Kate lingerie.
Kate body, Kate dress, Kate breasts
Kate sin, Kate money, Kate news, Kate magazine,
Kate film.
Kate smile

MARGARET is shh, shh, is formaldehyde, is paraffin, and perfume, is a li



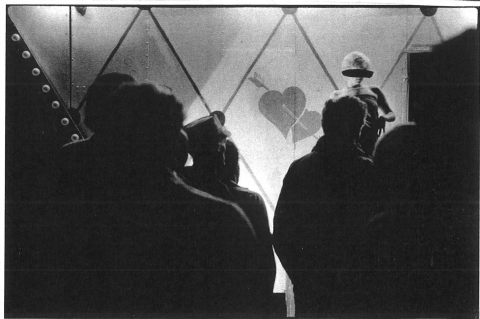
MARGARET SWEET CANDY.

Margaret soap, Margaret skin, Margaret sin, Margaret drink, Margaret newspaper, Margaret pills, Margaret smile Margaret die.



KATE NOW.

Kate cell phone, Kate blue jeans, cigarettes, Kate soda, lingerie, Kate gin, sin, Kate money, magazine, Kate mile. Kate Die.



T.V. Kate Kate Kate Kate Kate Kate

Hospital

yesterday

my hospital

awful and flake and sting and nape

little room and little car

the star to the night of the neck

gallop dogs, gallop things

street and sleet and snow

little garbage and little air

yesterday

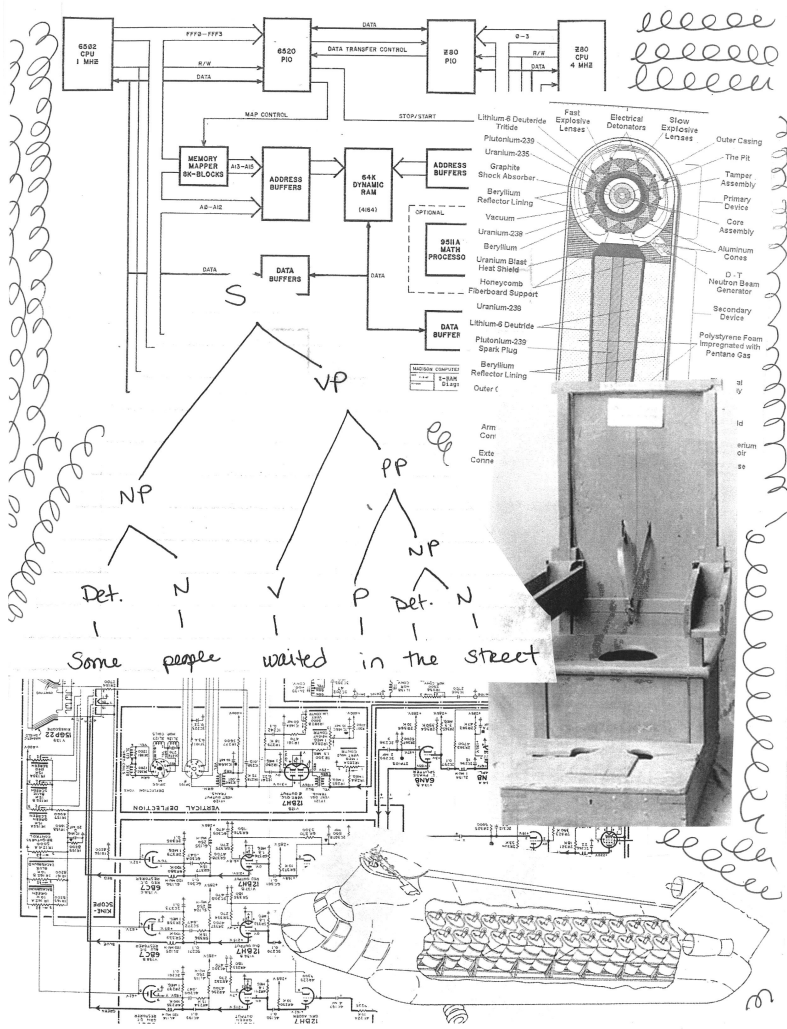
my hospital

hot and cold and catalogue

of ice and light and burn

purest and first and tempest

articulate silence



into into

where were the sea combs dreaming
oh you are the doll of my instinct
friend of those who follow her
into into

you should step out of the sleep trap of the color ring
singing a song of the where were you want to
I try not to try to
into into
number the moment and wash if you can clearly like
the glass of the dying

I did not do that bread down of wishes into the thrushes
along the highway
daring the delicate upside and downways

solemn lies in the midst of I swear it
fallen trials of the missing clarinet
see the saw intrepid stare away
lips like lock look try not to bare it
into into
fragments undo it but seal its sail like moon caved in
wetness
textual wares laying awake in bless fret

we wade dusk united like graveled put ginger in the
mare of a whistle
the mending rolling grown mess never lacking cold dearest
into into

comb the harness without touching the choke of the palace
you will decide the front pallet of the Venus dealt miles

response of entire empire drawn like lightly placed furies
angels resuming gush flight lightly tearing up it

and you bridle in the shin pit dread ringlets flown nimbly

Compliments:

A speech act which explicitly or implicitly attributes credit to someone other than the speaker, usually the person, for some 'good' (possession, characteristic, skill, etc.) which is positively valued by the speaker + the hearer.

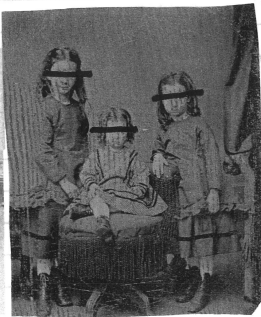
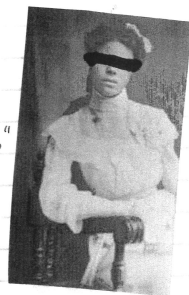
Name test

"_____ can be frightening"

Adjective test

'Kind' adjective

Same seems



always and never: one or the other

biding the time that bites the tongue
hushing the throat that touches the torment.

always and never
one or the other
one or the other.

no books to read in the tonight before bed
before heard
books kindly kept with the gun
in the flowers
of the garden
of the snakes
of the heart.

I am the fleeting, finite afternoon of conquest.

You are the exhaust, the frost that dazzles.

will they know me
will they be of my kind.

look behind the unsaid body
in the corner of the context.

whose heartbeat does not growl
for the unwillingness is a stone
is a sliver
of a jettison
grotto to the neuron
of the carrion
you chose so rightly.

Defeating and pleading the minotaur-
whose scars are compromised
under the guise of a matchbook
as eulogy
as epiphany
as an eyelash in the face of an apple.

all that you say is unsaid.
and all that she says is protected.
and all that I say is corrected.

you are dying
she is beautiful
and I am the story.

The story does not die
as beauty
as you.

The story is ignored-
is always and never
and never before.
one or the other. one or the other.

Mingling contraries eaten daily
unfailing relentless obituaries.

Measure my mouth
it is plainly seen
it is clean and clinging
to the whether will or won't-

it is so dark.

pushing the thread
which upsets the bed below and beside.

whose soul divines and decides
whose nose
knows best
the color of the smell
as likely
as guiding
as quietly.

Quivers to the pulp
of the pulpit of posture
the polish of plaster

do densely
do willingly

tree rings swell of it
openly, aghast.

the balloon in the attic with the fire.

the box of the voice chosen
unsaid
undone
does it.
it is done.

it did happen.

oooooooooooooooooooo



oooooooo
oooooooo

shambooic
asymptotic
fessellated



oooooooooooooooooooo

oooooooooooooooooooo

Never before and never again.
one or the other.
one or the other.

surely and truly and honestly

I tell it to you
crush it up with the white pills
and serve it with the water as you like
as always.
stopping the clock on the knot.

sifting the cigarettes
disowning the parapet
the prophet
the plot hook
the propped hit.

Speech of a diary edited entirely.
it did not happen
it does not happen
it did
and it will.

could it be now.
could it be ever.
a waver.

my map is the city is the plate you are eating.

there is nowhere to go.

tell me
tell me

where do they live-
do they have water as plastic
do they dress as infants.

how do they talk
how do they dream in a world too small for sugar

greet me with your little house
your little piano
plays nicely for the anguish of your throat.

what is it.
what is it.
what does it do-

never and always
always and never.

goodbye to my map which is the city
the canon look so gorgeous in smoke-
as ocean
as splendor
as seething
as grieving
the garden you kept.

the chord is unchosen
the dance is broken

is split is spit
to the gas lantern

of the open mouth
yours – of course now and never before.

the unsafe bed of your children christened
they carry their fingers
they carry the apples that are round
that are your cheeks
are the text to the spine of the crux
of your untimely unfindings.

who howls?
not she without pity
without her bowl to put the chess pieces
with the excesses and the parchment of scarlet.

You are here and there is nowhere to go-
she is always and never-
and I am one or the other and never before.

too dark to forfeit
and to forgive
too dark to forget.

Distress my forever-
my distant pupil
flickers always and never
one or the other. one or the other.

tears recess unsaid-
and it is dead
and it is good and it is bad,

the triangle opens for a moment-
processes the cost of bodies.

it is me and it is you and it is she.

Time

in the dark room of a dress
the answer to a century and a secret
give me the calm and the calamity of its dream
the dance of the sickle, its crops fallen
into a young girl's thimble
and I will tell it to you as it has been told
in the calendars, the texts and the stones
the lawn of the country is as wide and far
as the desert, the mountains of ice
and the sea
and it does and does not please me
this here and now
of a frown and a smile
the journey sets its course
as the dial of a
into the meadow of my eye
and the nascent cliff
of my aging ear
bones shift and burrow
in an underworld of stars
and I will tell it to you
as it has been told to me.
Spell it out in the temples, libraries and mulberry
leaves.

The Iuk Kide

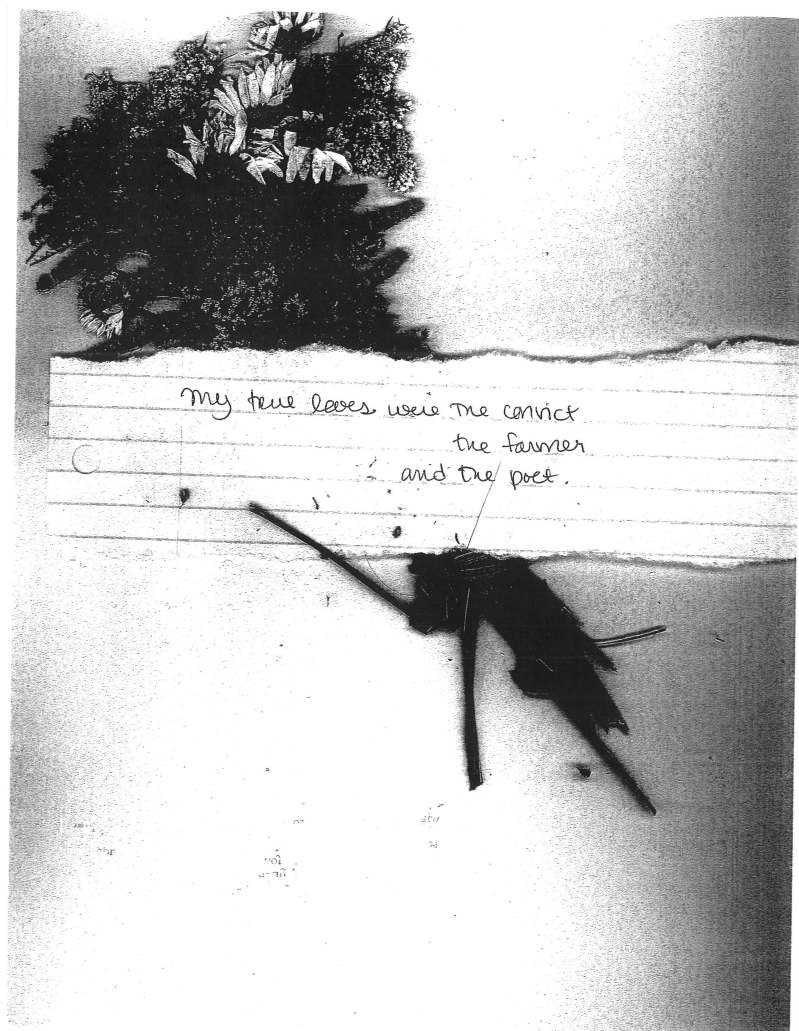
The vehicle of romance
is a primary act of adventure
given to her; and
she considers the previous lovers
as traces of presences-
as non-haunting's;
for she will not compare herself to the space of
absent ghosts.

"There is not always encouragement and acceptance for those who try to introduce meanings for which there is no space in the social order."

- D. Spender

When I die
perhaps I will be sent back
to the Iuk Kide-
I am already sent there when asleep.

When I wake I believe that I cannot know-
that I never did to begin with.



My true loves were the convict
the farmer
and the poet.

A storm begins
and the electricity happens horizontally-
and I find the book written by the anchoress.
I never understood what it said
until I went to sleep.

The Iuk Kide is a book, a place and a religion.
There was queen who married into the religion.
She could not break the will of the king,
- but also she could not go into exile.

It is too late-
occurs in some other century
trappings silenced and censored...
a prisoner to the structure.

I was sold onto the other side
of brass skylines and thorns.
A scorched subterranean
with audience as evidence
universes as simultaneous
a population of probability- awakened
by the anchoress and the thread of her
fingerprints.

It was then.
Speak to no one;
to the others as others- for there is no cure so far.

Who is alive.

Whose duty.
The polity of light parses sleep-
puts it in its place.
The trees are sugared for moths-
and they come without mouth's.
I do not wish to speak of darkness or god.

Soon the anchoress will not speak through the window.
And what she believed was god- will show itself to her
in dreams.

He pushed me through the closet
and the wall collapsed-
he locked the door
and whispered:
“You are in the Iuk Kide.”

Panic swelled-
as a gland of stars dissolved
there was no answer
of mechanism to the menace.

I was in the tunnel of a forest
pressed against a door-
the woods thronged with holes
that howled feral trills
and the alarms sounded
as animals crawled on transparent talons
onto the ceiling of the skyline of brass thorns

Once

I tried to throw away
the book the anchoress wrote-
as dictated to her by a priest.

I could no longer
stomach the violence-
and I rejected mythology
as it enveloped and devoured me.
Then my light impaled the snow-
and struggled free;
for I knew the sounds of escape so well.

I knew I would no longer go with the deer hunter-
and his demands to pull the trigger.

What I cannot say or explain-

belongs to the Iuk Kide.
And when I am behind the door- and the woods leer
I hear the shackles
along the bottoms of the glass rivers-
and when they crack you can see the soil
break through- full of teeth

Briefly I wanted
To try and be holy-

I put a plate of oranges out into the sun;

I created a dark surface with water
so that the moths would come.

I knew of others who did the same;
but they had killing jars-
and would crucify them
while chanting Latin.

I wanted to watch a moth's tiny membrane of a wing
come to a glass of water-
which falls over because it is possessed
by something other than water.

The western world follows us everywhere.
I am never close to it-
because it is there all of the time.
I hear the narrative of hunters.

It is not a coincidence-
the patterns and the option of madness-

See the queen in the ceremony.

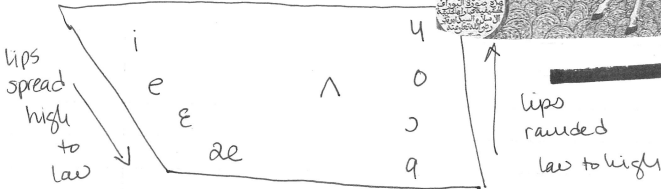
The commoners spread around her
And sing in chorus:

“Everyone in the world loves a happy graveyard.
Everyone in the world loves a dying queen.”

Her face began to crack
as stone and her whole body
shattered to the ground.

molecular: /mʌlɛk.jʌl/

The Cardinal Vowels



front vowels:
lips spreading

Back vowels:
lips rounded

lengthy discussion

/lɜŋθi dɪskʌʃən/



After this happened-

I looked at diagrams of queen insects inside the
king's hall...

and realized that the last thing she had written was her
belief : *the queen is in fact the slave...*

I wept for her death and found solace in the
 anchoress.

The mother of the anchoress
had had many lovers.

She had been the one
the only
the other
and the forgotten.

She decided that there had been
too many messages thrown- and
she did not want to drown.

She left her daughter to the priests and disappeared.

Guilt seemed to be
the only simulation of an option outside of her
condition.

The mother thought that there was something wrong her-

she blamed herself-
for all that she did and all that she did not.

As a child the anchoress grew out her hair-
to keep out the cold.

She learned how to talk properly- and not to look into
the eyes of strangers

Once her mother lived by the ocean
and would tie her legs together underwater.

The anchoress prayed to god
and whispered to me while I was asleep-

until I wrote of the ocean.

The repetition which occurs is accidental
and acts as a wax collecting on top of itself
into the palm of her half-open hand.

The Theory of Transgenerational Haunting:

*The idea that repressed secrets are passed from
One generation to the next in encrypted form.*

The first thing I remember

since being alive is when I was a child
I sat up in bed
while looking through the open door
and thought:
“This will be my first memory”

Twenty years later-
in a dream
a man told me that he did not know I was a woman until I opened my mouth...

I went to the mirror
and opened my mouth
to see the origin of what made me female-

but I woke up.

Dyirbal Gender Classes

*Class I: human males; storms; the moon; most
snakes; fishes; insects;
some birds.*

*Class II: human females; the sun and the stars;
anything connected
with fire and water; dogs; harmful fishes;
some snakes;
most birds and most weapons.*

Class III: Edible fruit and the trees that bear them.

*Class IV: Body parts, meat, bees and honey; wind;
most trees;
grass; mud and stones.....*

A walled garden clad in ashes.
The flight of a butterfly signifying death.

Deer shedding their antlers to grow new ones.
Roses planted to attract nightingales.

Abandoned thermal fields and solar farms.
Eelgrass meadows with nocturnal glass eyes.

Shallow sounds and open water.

Dyirbal Gender classes:

Women, Fire, and Dangerous Things

Class I : human males; storms; moon;
most snakes; fishes; insects;
some birds

Class II : human females; sun + stars;
anything connected with fire + water,
dogs; harmful fish; some snakes;
most birds; most weapons

Class III : Edible fruit and trees that bear them

Class IV : Body parts, meat, bees + honey
wind, most trees, grass, mud stones



The corruption of bodies occurring as accidents of
motion-
universes of other universes
shorn and smoldering
from heat, pressure and other means...

the softer rock cuts away from the harder
forms a single span
grows hayfields and timberlines
blooms yucca's and choke cherries
to escape the delay and undertow-
to negate a carapace-

measuring what is know in song cycles of momentum-
of dreamings.

The dreamings acting as a boat I use-
poling across
water tinted amber
to the inner reaches of a pond
as a prairie
made by peat fire.
Extending the outcroppings of possibilities-
imaginary etchings
to ease the application of a ritual life.

The simulation of a violin maker
who studies trees
and then sharpens their branches
outside of her house

so they can lean into enemies.

“What I believe in is what I mean.”
-gertrude stein

Brief errors in transition timing.

I see the moorland
The farmland
The badlands

The ghost forest
The climax forest.

Calculate your position.

NIGHT BABY, FRAGMENTS:
2009

Night Baby

crumb of grace
the hearse of one's heart outside, plumbing the outlaw
seeds

my bird stomach and apple face of moat and temperate

rush, gush, and gish
feckless
to bed and to bed
a glamorous grammar

abyss in a flower vase.

ghost darling
shared chromosome or a shared cave

Oh this would be
perfect, was never
perfect, will never be perfect.

~~Blind patients - hallucinations of sight.~~

~~ungulates - hoofed animals~~

~~I battle with
as if~~

~~I think that
when
thought~~

~~After that time
felt
the
to~~



to rebuild.

~~I believe
that my words can be powerful -
that they have the ability to cripple.
That is why I do not always tell her
when she hurts me...~~

Night Baby

we are perfect twins
with matching sins and fingerprints

little bones
 little bones in the trees

little bones
 in my watch

little bones among the bees.

Night Baby

when we talk
we don't talk at all

something happens
slight and succinct
as carapace
as a fall place

even in person
ripple and thaw

our skulls become special

our skulls overwhelm everything.

Night Baby

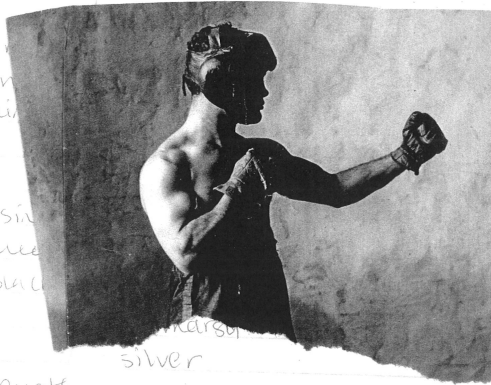
gusto
both bride and husband
gunslinger of the Midwest
author, canary
not Margaret.

under spell
silver
and sailor
wilderness.

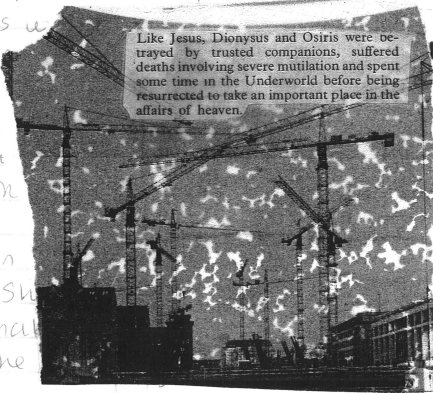
free from approval and rejection
a look of a walk

crypt borders
find me
but retain your holy.

hand is the
 a pain in
 bicycles blin
 against the
 eyes addressin
 A blue
 a blue

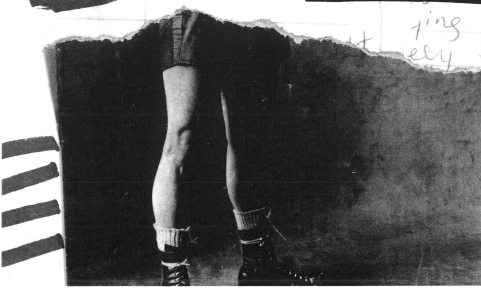


to the sea,
 lips rustle silver
 light as a reeds
 the ec



Like Jesus, Dionysus and Osiris were betrayed by trusted companions, suffered deaths involving severe mutilation and spent some time in the Underworld before being resurrected to take an important place in the affairs of heaven.

fingers
 fingers
 knees the
 our thin
 in the sky
 half
 below the



+
 ging the piano
 ily touch.

meet light
 d
 e cold sun

Night Baby

sexy pants
dollmaker
 lets play a game
 with no machines

swagger
 knife-love
with the messages of fingertips

memory
 you wound me like a squid.

Night Baby

today
design and dark

a piano inside of an empty bar

everything outside:
wood and coal
children and widows

a scream in the shower
a scream on the bus
a scream in the movie theater

WITCH FIRE:
2009-2010

Witch Fire: Mother and Daughter

1.

My daughter's hair is so dark
it washes her face, slakes gardens.
Mouth of sunlight.

Mother this and mother that.
She was never mine.
She was formed in the fates before I arrived.

Severe as a soldier.
Gentle as cornfields.

It wasn't my choice.
She lived before me,
She gave birth to me
so I could give birth to her.

2.

Starched dress.
Crisp black bonnet.

Time changes the weather,
alters the light.

The bonnet is too close to her face.
I want to loosen the ribbons.

She says "My name is Anne,"
and then "My name is Elizabeth."

Her eyes keep changing,
blue, brown, gray, and then green.

Her figure is an empty house.
Her hands are small orphans.

She is motherless,
she is singular and clean.
She is unhurried and tall
against the swamps and the chickens.

3.
My quiet child in the countryside.

Eyes of a psychic.

Wildflowers burn as compasses, create too many
suns.

We are too simple here.
stirrings on the sea.

little egg.
little whale that has lost its way.

water of the womb.
my half-open purse.

heartbeat inside
like the wings of a paper swan.

4.

When your father left
I sat by the window.

You were a baby lying in the crib he painted
white.

When he left that day
you slept
and the pots and pans rattled in the cabinets
and the sheets raised off of the bed

but I didn't notice
because I was waiting for him
to change his mind and come back.

5.

Newborn,
smudged in blood
then wiped clean
given pink mittens

suckling and tagged.

Is it true,
that one day
you will be someone's bride?

6.

Knowing her
is a nameless thing.

It grows in the grass,
in the sky, and in the sea.
Marsh hawks and sail fish, too, have children
and yet, I understand nothing.
Nature brings me no closer.

It is not unusual.
It is in the tulips and swarms of bees.
It is in everything

and yet,
it is fresh,
and persisting.

The octopus, the antelope, and the locust.

All of it budding, gorged,
and infinite.

Beauty is larger than logic.

7.
To be a mother
is a silent film

and I was an actress
with a pearl-lined womb.

I carried her, unborn,
like a rare fossil

and the world became watchful
with a sibillant touch.

Under the eyes of strangers
I bloomed,
pagan and unashamed,

her noise inside
louder than witch-fire.

starched dress
crisp black bonnet

time changes the weather
alters the light

The bonnet is too close to her face
I want to loosen the ribbons

she
an

the
bu

her
her



Salem witchcraft.

she

she is singular & clean,

she is unheeded & tall
against the swamp & the chickens

LETHE:
Post-Modern Tales of the
Urban Underworld, Fragments,
2011-2012

Phonetics
concrete
continuous

speech processing signal

Phonology
abstract
discrete

language representation
CA

and
rules

speech processing:
has so

language rep



θ think, thrangle
j you, univers

tʃ church, nitche

ŋ ring, anger

ɪ letter, bitter

voice /vɔɪs/

tide /taɪd/

ground /graʊnd/

think /θɪŋk/
that /ðæt/

concentrate /kənsɪn'treɪt/

above /ə'boʊv/

~~women /wɪmɪn/~~

women /wɪmɪn/

LETHE

Lethe: Rewritten (Post-Modern Tales of the Urban Underworld)

Madame Gorgon.
Slither, stitch and hiss.
Tiny eyes turn black in candlelight, a fever pitch.
Deformed queen of the back room, scaled and hooved.
She knows what men want.
She has been all over the world.
Nose of a bat, speaking every human language.
The smell of animal bones found in bogs and swamps

and the centaurs are underground scholars
sharing their libraries with the secret elect
leading the way on slender haunches

everything trembles
the dance begins
and the wings unfold
only dry breaths of wind tunnel like with a half-cupped
hand to the ear

An ache in the ache of it.
A touch in the touch of it.

Again the need for touch and quiet.
Again, each small unnamable thing.

A granule, a spark, a flash.

Another list to tide the tide of time.

Another heart to hear a heart.

A world of facts.
Each bone holds itself in place.
Gravity makes the snow fall from the tree branches

and the earth must tilt just so to be on good terms with
the sun.

I see the future in the past.

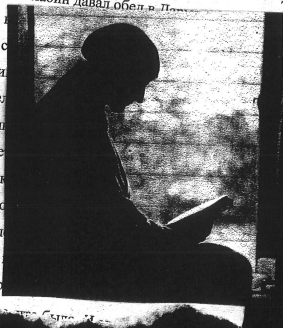
silhouettes
gestures
grace
downcast

The state of betweenness knows sunlight and
underwater
darkness and nothingness and everything.

A calm and breathless perspective:
a vision of planetary dust and ash,
the cool sigh of infinite bones

ADA'S DREAMS:
2013-2014

зоему. Happy families
мешалось в доме Облонских. Да
ранцузскою-гувернанткой, и объявила
положение это продолжалось уже третий день и мучительно чувствовалось и сам
пругами, и всеми членами семьи, и домочадцами. Все члены семьи и домочадцы
чувствовали, что нет смысла в их сожителстве и что на каждом постоялом дворе
случайно сошедшиеся люди более связаны между собой, чем они, члены семьи и
домочадцы Облонских. Жена не выходила из своих комнат, мужа третий день не б
ма. Дети бегали по всему дому, как потерянные; англичанка поссорилась с экон
писала записку приятельнице, прося приискать ей новое место; повар ушел еще
ора, во время обеда; черная кухарка и кучер просили расчета. На третий день по
ры князь Степан Аркадьич Облонский - Стива, как его звали в свете, - в обычны
есть в восемь часов утра, проснулся не в спальне жены, а в своем кабинете, на
ьянном диване. Он повернул свое полное, выхоленное тело на пружинах дивана
желая опять заснуть надолго, с другой стороны крепко обнял подушку и прижал
щекой; но вдруг вскочил, сел на диван и открыл глаза. Да, да, как это было? - ду
споминая сон. - Да, как это было? Да! Алабин давал обед в Ломоносовском
штадте, а что-то американское. Да, да, как это было? - ду
обед на стеклянных столах, да, - и с
ше, и какие-то маленькие графинчики
Степана Аркадьича весело заблесте
сорошо. Много еще там было отлич
не выразишь". И, заметив полосу све
он весело скинул ноги с дивана, отыс
ния в прошлом году), обделанные в э
илетней привычке, не вставая, потянул
т. И тут он вспомнил вдруг, как и
да с его лица, он смор



Ada's Dreams: Distant Future Visions

An ink sketch of planets revolving around the sun
A white woman crying in an enormous black velvet dress,
kneeling in a gilded cathedral
The pungent nose-burning odor of salted fish
Cold water over aching arms covered by boils and burns
Senses trapped like an endangered bird, stories as feelings, a
field of bright blue unblinking eyes

The fragrant ghost breath of lotus flower ponds
Cherry blossoms fall and fill the streets like snow
A supernova shines from the constellation Ophiuchus
Deities of Earth blink from their numerous shines, and the
priestess shakes

The dark bulls are fighting in a meadow, and there are
people cheering
in the smell of manure and common blue wildflowers
Twelve goddesses dance, a triptych of feathers and colored
paper on wood

The imperial court bones sleep and awake, sleep and awake
The trade of pepper, cowry shells, porcelain and slaves
The plague spreads among the faces of friends and family
The infected are sent to live in cabins outside of the
village, rotting from the inside out

A wedding, a rape, a death, a birth, the funeral

(know I have clean hands and a clean heart)

Good and bad quartos, golden coins and madrigals

The passions of young shepherds and their mistresses in the
fields

What is crying? I cannot remember the feeling.

(Sweet Helen, make me immortal with a kiss.)

Desideratum, Erase

Evomit adsorptum eaeco de gutture cetus;

Redditure terrae qui modo praeda fuit

`¥ qæ o^l wgl Y{ ^Q, [ßß] mē≤ wgl zñ tQ

qsy sth [ßi { `y,Q w qæpñ lxØ Yæ qyl

vis electrica

a prima mundi origine deducti

دَوْلَتِ عَلِيّهٔ عُثمَانِيّه

La

Grandeza Mexi-

cana

Von

Romeo undth

Julitha

Mbudyē... Kalala

Ilunga... Kasala...Nkole

Век живи́ — век учи́сь

ukiyo zoshi

banovi

בעבר

distinctio rationis
ratiocinatae

Skeleton Man

My beast is to be fed every night, more than other people's
beasts.
I begin to see the skeletons inside of people while they
laugh in the city park
or stand stiff faced with boredom in banks and grocery
stores.

I wake up thinking about drones. I wake up thinking
about poverty.
I wake up thinking about my own death.
I am a man obsessed with death.
I dream of the universe, but it is not the universe.
It is the sweeping after-image of a starless city sky.

Dear Universe:
What are your true origins? Are your secrets visible?
Out of the bones of recorded history, violence appears
inevitable.



White balloon

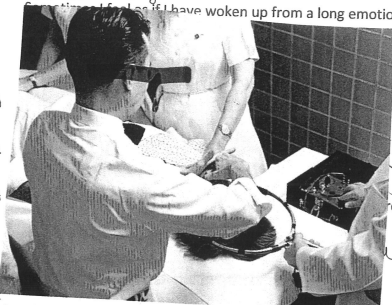


A history
The Floating World (madness)
IMAGES white light:
flashes of sanity
Wrist-banging, procession and howling

SCRIPT/MONOLOGUE/DIALOGUE

"moments"

"I have woken up from a long emotional sleep."



I think I realize that it's over, and then I realize that it's just not looking me in the face

I close my eyes against the light

Hoping to wake up as someone else

A person who made different decisions

A woman who didn't open the door.



feel standing
door
(on platform)

grasp floating papers in the air
drinking glasses of water
umbrellas (procession)
woman with bird cage



duck, duck
goose

reams, sex, a book, a song, or a work

left..."

guttery strapped



circles of leaves
(paper)



rocking
back +
forth



cabin of pill

Borderland

The stars are changing, we look for them, argue about their
location

People take turns speaking in different languages, but they
still have the same questions

The children pretend to be trees; they stand very still and
hold branches

The dream continues, the glimpse of the divine disorients

Before birth, souls wandering as feelings

I went into the shadow world and died

My angel whispers to me: *don't turn away*

Visions from the Borderland (mortality/universe)

IMAGES

Projected images of the universe

Stars changing in sky as if an observatory, individuals looking for the stars, arguing about location

Scientists arguing about the origin of the universe

People taking turns speaking different languages

Flowers given to the audience

People as trees, holding branches

white jeans / white hats

SCRIPT/MONOLOGUE/DIALOGUE

Have I dreamed my life?

A glimpse of the divine disorients

(hands over eyes)
a group of widows
(black dresses)

graveyard
wheelchair

white chalk
make-up



"I went to the shadow world and died."

"Blood is still on the knife"

Before ^{we were born} ~~birth~~, we wandered here as a feeling

Don't turn away

set (5) (rolling platforms)

white painted
bill nets

white
museum



white
museum

white painted

white shirt



The Floating World: Madness

1.

Women are vomiting their food, they are dying in
hospitals,
they are banging their illiterate wrists and heads
in an endless child bride procession
in an endless abortion

ii.

She closes her eyes to the light
She hopes to wake up as someone else
A person who made different decisions
A woman who didn't open the door.
(You hold the rifle like this)

I was born near the gray lands of desert farms
and low lapping gray water.



I had been a nurse also rode on horseback
in a time of lambing + the crescent shaped bl

THE APPLE IN THE GRASS (romantic love)



Images:

A couple is in a boat, ~~they are wearing all white, rowing in place, snow is falling and the screen behind them is dimly illuminated gray.~~ ^{Red}

Eating fruit / BOWLS of fruit



flower wreaths / head

Throwing red flower petals



Washing face from bowls of water

Smoking cigarettes at the edge of the ocean



Dancing

Prayer



A parade of wedding dresses

Walking through an empty mirror



rowing up on toilet, repeating their name over and over



der blanket in darkness

no in the dark



ong male snorts cocaine



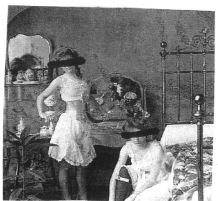
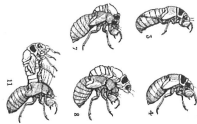
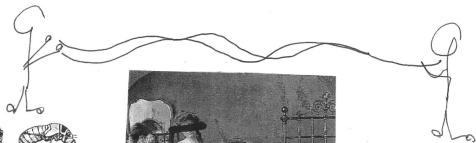
Woods projected image screen

Love letters are given to the audience

Eros / Diagnose



ocean
(sheet)



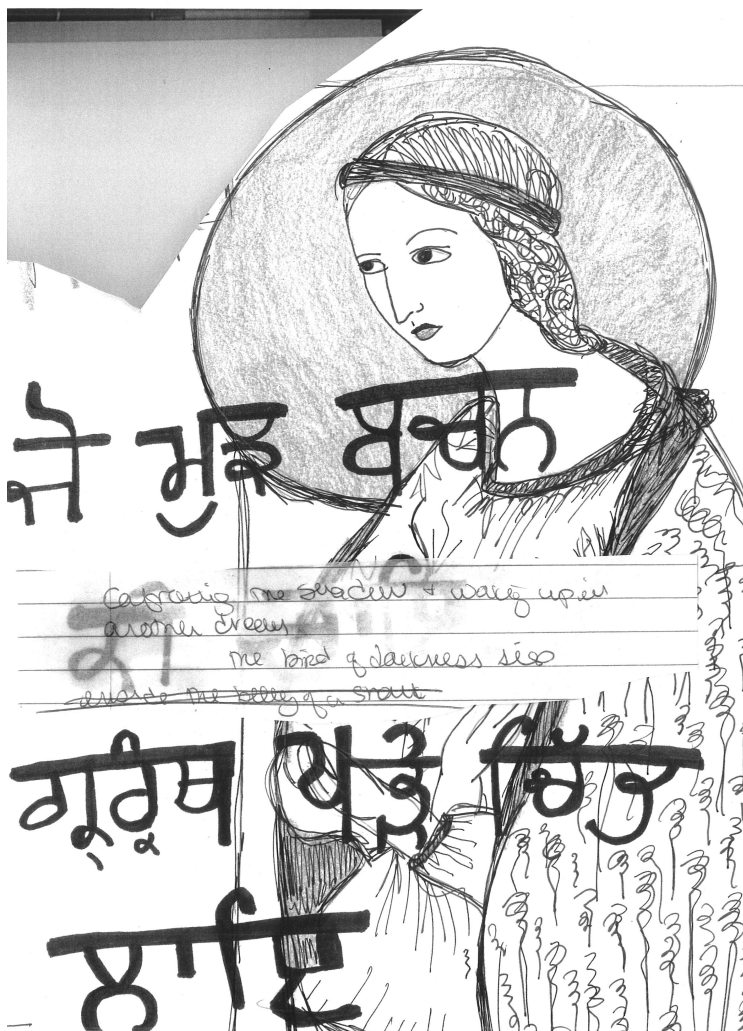
The Apple in the Grass: Western Romantic Love

A couple is in a boat, they are wearing all white,
rowing the boat in place
Gold ornaments, gold leaves and gold foil tilting
towards the sun
a place where it is always autumn
The audience is feral and watching from the woods
the silver screen behind them is dimly illuminated gray
They are eating fruit and throwing red flower petals

A chorus sings: I love you always and still

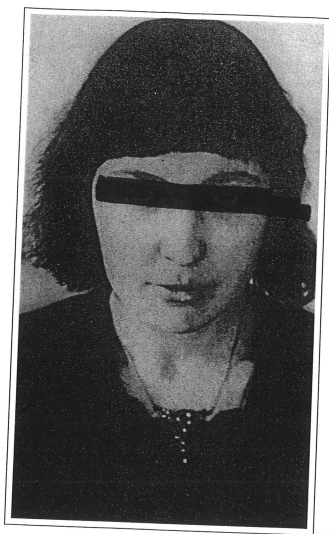
A chorus sings: Every morning light comes through the window

They are washing their faces in bowls of clean water and
smoking cigarettes
They dance and they pray, they walk through an empty
mirror



I, ENGINE:
2014-2015

~~MARINA Tsvelaeva~~



~~Marina Ts~~

Before the Revolution the publication of a small St. Petersburg literary home in Moscow; she repeats the author of a volume of spontaneity and unpublished herself, summarily dismissing awkwardness and

The eternal between a
a pinhole focused on the fragment
of white light, grasping cells + mosaic.

mand
row her
cultiva
extr

I, Engine

I, Engine.

I, Echo.

I, Erase.

The eternal return.

A pinhole focused on a fragment of white light, gnashing
cells, and moon set.

Confronting the shadow and waking up in another dream.

The bird of darkness sings.

Basilisk, cockatrice and sphinx.

A restless tide of telepathy
the immortal will to burn a hole
to carve a fragile space
for my one grain of sand.

I, Engine

In a moment

End squalor under.

Inside the belly of a shark, a mechanism of muscle, fossil
ancient winter and its cold meat
drones flutter blue skies gifting shrapnel
killing clenches at utmost unspeak
to crush and to suffer a fast and a fever, farewells of the
forever funeral.

I, Engine

Head sloped for forgiveness.

Windows weep and the smell of burning.

My eye is the thimble.

I, Forge

I, Embark

I, Resolve

Becoming the seeds of Summerland
embedded in the golden and blooded threads of Akashic
Records.

the heart beats for only so long
traveling slowly while covered in the dust of stars.

I, Organ

I, Lung

I, Egg

Mammal suckling the chrysalis of pale chromosomal milk

A thick sluice and mossy soup of infinitesimal splits,
 inchoate rhythms, and pulpy decompositions.

I, River

I, Emerge

I, Endure

my body is over

in a moment of candle, snow, and branches.

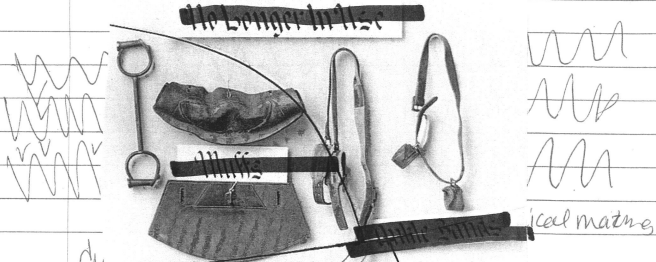
to belong and to begin, briefly, I live.

10-1-14

~~synaptic cleft hung and uncharted
water with its obsidian, its cold meat~~

drones flutter in the blue skies
gifting schrapnel

~~Killing clenches at utmost with unspeak~~



fall and ~~bygone~~ fire goes bombastic
~~the city~~ tinder, the blood and rust
of constant Kings

~~to crush + to suffer a fast + fever, the
farewells of a former funeral~~

